The WEEKLY REGISTER:
OR,
UNIVERSAL JOURNAL.

LONDON, SATURDAY, May 3, 1735. NUMB. CCLXXI.

Continuation of the Criticism on the Tragedy of the Duke of Millaine, *by* Massinger.

THIS Author was undoubtedly a Man of Genius, as appears almost by every Play he wrote: he has often the Strength of *Shakespear*, and the Softness of *Fletcher*, was very judicious in his Choice of Subjects, and masterly in the finishing his Characters: But, notwithstanding all this, he is more or less led away by the Vice of the Age, and debases in all his Works their Value, by ridiculous Farce, and unmeaning Buffoonery. In the very Play before us, tho' the Tale is taken from high Life, and the Persons chiefly concern'd no less than Princes and Statesmen, he can't help this idle Affectation, and engages *Marcelia*, the Dutchess, in a Fray with her Lord's Mother and Sister, in his Absence, to assert her Precedency, and make the Galleries Sport: The Incident itself answering no other End, but to give *Francisco*, the Duke's Favourite, an Opportunity of making his Court to *Marcelia*, at the Expence of their Liberty, tho' the last is his Wife, and introduce the Attempt he makes immediately after upon her Honour. Thus far, therefore, in the second Act, there appears nothing worthy of Quotation or Applause, or indeed that refers to the Event, but an Insinuation that the Duke has married his Sister to *Francisco*, and advanc'd him thus high in his Favour, to pacify him for having debauch'd a Sister of his, under the Pretence of making her his Bride.——But the last Scene of this Act is so far above those preceding, conduces so remarkably to the carrying on the Plot, and is wrote so finely, that to break it into Quotations would be to spoil it, and no Remarks would explain its Beauty so fully, as itself. After *Francisco* has hinted his Thoughts in an obscure Manner, and is treated with great Coldness and Neglect by the Dutchess, he breaks out in the following Manner.

Marcelia, Francisco.

Fran. FAREWELL Circumstance:
And since you are not pleas'd to understand me,
But by a plain and usual Form of Speech;
All superstitious Reverence laid by,
I love you as a Man, and as a Man
I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no Monster, and you but a Woman:
A Woman made to yield, and by Example
Told it is lawful; Favours of this Nature,
Are, in our Age, no Miracles in the greatest:
And therefore Lady ——
Mar. Keep off, O you Powers!
Libidinous Beast, and add to that unthankful
(A Crime, which Creatures wanting Reason, flie from)
Are all the princely Bounties, Favours, Honours,
(Which with some Prejudice to his own Wisdom)
Thy Lord and Raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three Days Absence buried? Hath he made thee
(A Thing obscure, almost without a Name)
The Envy of great Fortunes? Have I grac'd thee,
Beyond thy Rank? and entertain'd thee as
A Friend, and not a Servant? And is this,
This impudent Attempt, to taint mine Honour,
The fair Return of both our ventur'd Favours?
Fran. Hear my Excuse.
Mar. The Devil may plead Mercy,
And with as much Assurance, as thou yield one.
Burns Lust so hot in thee? Or, is thy Pride
Grown up to such a Height, that, but a Princess,
No Woman can content thee? And add to that,
His Wife and Princess to whom thou art ty'd
In all the Bonds of Duty? Read my Life,
And find one Act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving Fool,
Set off with all that Fortune could throw on him,
To the least Hope to find Way to my Favour:
And (what's the worst mine Enemies could wish me)
I'll be thy Strumpet.
Fran. 'Tis acknowledg'd Madam,
That your whole Course of Life hath been a Pattern
For chast and virtuous Women; in your Beauty
(Which I first saw and lov'd) as a fair Chrystal,
I read your heavenly Mind, clear and untainted;
And while the Duke did prize you to your Value
(Could it have been in Man to pay that Duty)
I well might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full Career of Goodness:
But now I find, that he's fall'n from his Fortune,
And (howsoever he would appear doting)
Grown cold in his Affection: I presume,
From his most barbarous Neglect of you,
To offer my true Service: Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the Courtesies of him,
That, of all living Men, is most unthankful.
Mar. Unheard-of Impudence!
Fran. You'll say I am modest,
When I have told the Story. Can he tax me
(That I have receiv'd some worldly Trifles from him)
For being ungrateful? When, he that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd your sweet Embraces
(In which, all Blessings that our frail Condition
Is capable of, is wholly comprehended)
As cloy'd with Happiness, contemns the Giver
Of his Felicity? And, as he reach'd not
The Master-Piece of Mischief, which he aims at,
Unless he pay those Favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly Hate? You think he loves you,
With unexampled Fervour: Nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than Woman:
When on my Knowledge he long hath wish'd
You were among the Dead: And I, you scorn so,
Perhaps am your Preserver.
Mar. Bless me good Angels,
Or I am blasted. Lies, so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a Purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human Tongue.
My Husband, hate me? Give thyself the Lie,
False, and accurst; thy Soul (if thou hast any)
Can witness, never Lady stood so bound,
To the unfeign'd Affection of her Lord,
As I do to my *Sforza*. If thou would'st work
Upon my weak Credulity, tell me rather,
That the Earth moves, the Sun and Stars stand still;
The Ocean keeps nor floods, nor ebbs; or that
There's Peace between the Lion and the Lamb;
Or that the ravenous Eagle and the Dove
Keep in one Ayery, and bring up their Young;
Or any Thing that is averse to Nature,
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My Lord can think of me, but as a Jewel,
He loves more than himself, and all the World.

[*To be continued.*]

D—— Hall.

Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons. HOR.

FROM Noise and Nonsense on the Bank of *Thames*,
Self-loving Fops, and trifle-loving Dames;
From bustling Crowds, and what my Hearing loaths,
The Roar of Coaches, and the Belch of Oaths;
From City Cries squawl'd in a Tongue unknown,
(Which shews our very Mob to Op'ra prone)
And all the busy Nothings of the Town;
My Muse to *D*—— directs her Flight,
Whose peaceful Shade and rural Charms invite;
Whose awful Spires command the distant Fields,
Where bounteous Heav'n both Health and Plenty yields.
Conduct me thro' the lofty Rooms, which stand
True Monuments of *Redgrave*'s skilful Hand;
The Hall, capacious for the *Christmas* Feast;
The Stairs, with Arms of antient Kindred grac'd;
Now to the Cellar Vaults, where well-brew'd Ale
With Strength grows old, without e'er growing stale;
Pleasant and mild it like its Owner smiles,
Unlike in this, that it too soon beguiles.
Here's to his Health! may Joys unmix'd still flow,
And ev'ry Hour-Glass run as smooth as now!
And when with Comfort his last Sand is done,
Turn up the Glass again t's virtuous Son.
But if a Foreign Vintage takes you most,
Taste the best Wines that *Portugal* can boast;
Those next our Beer do *English* Hearts most Good,
French Wines, and Politicks, but sour our Blood.
Then to the Garden down the Green Descent,
And guess by that what *Adam*'s *Eden* meant;
Survey the fine Canals, whose Silver Glass
Reflects each smiling Nymph's deluding Face,
Whilst Eccho may, in a calm Ev'ning walk,
Repeat the am'rous Virgin's lonely Talk;
See there the Swan, with soft and spotless Down,
Sails proudly by, as pleas'd with being shown,
Her Emblem still, for if you come too near
He scuds aloof, and leaves you where you were,
Hard by a Brook does in a Bason turn,
And like a River-God makes that his Urn;
What sweet Refreshment, in a sultry Hour,
In that same wat'ry Bed to plunge all o'er!
Then, with recruited Vigour, rise as gay
As *Phœbus* does each Morning from the Sea.
To paint the Walls Peaches and Nectrins join,
And blushing Grapes adorn the verdant Vine.
Nice Gravel Walks of *Tagus* Golden Hue,
Smooth shaven Greens delicious to the View,
Enamell'd Beds in artificial Maze,
We fancy *Flora* dress'd in *Mechlin* Lace.
Ruddy *Pomona* claims our next Regard
Scorning the Confines of one single Yard;
The prudent Master here extends his Views,
And raises Apples from his Hedges Rows,
Whose gen'rous Juice his Cyder-Press o'erflows.
How neat the Dairy, where clean Lasses turn
The well-prest Cheese, and fragrant Butter churn!
The Stables, so magnificently great,
Might pass with some for a good Manour Seat,
Just such as entertain'd, as Authors say,
The four-legg'd Consul of *Caligula*.
But I forbear, unequal to set forth
The Place's Beauty, or its Owner's Worth.
Enough for me, to deck some humbler Tale
With rustick Garland, gather'd from the Vale,
To crown the Blessings of the neighbouring Farm,
And with low Song the Lads and Lasses charm,
Like that, when Mowers whet their crooked Mow,
Or early Damsel shrills beneath her Cow,
Or blithsome Carter whistles to his Team,
When jingling Bells revive the tir'd and lame:
So *Orpheus* heretofore made Brutes to dance,
As Fidlers now the wooden Shoes of *France*.
Thro' lowing Herds or bleating Flocks I roam,
Or join the Chorus of a Harvest Home.
But when some jovial 'Squire his Hounds lead forth
Like *Goths* and *Vandals* pouring from the North,
I change my Note, asham'd to be out-done
By *Sweet-Lip*'s Tenor, or deep *Bowman*'s Tone;
Then mount *Sorrello* eager for the Toil,
Nor with the Curate lag upon the File,
But over Hedge and Ditch attend the 'Squire,
To end the Day with Ale and Logwood Fire,
Admire his Gelding, coax his fav'rite Dog,
And sing of *Chevy Chace*, or *Molly Mog*.

SATURDAY, *April* 26.

ON Thursday Night about Nine o'Clock, Mr. *Eborall*, who keeps the *Flying-Horse-Inn* without *Bishopsgate*, and a Nephew of Mr. *Philip Spencer*, an eminent Salesman in *Smithfield*, a Youth about 13 Years of Age, coming down *Highgate-Hill*, were attack'd by

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N. B. *Advertisements, of a reasonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

two Highwaymen with black Crape over their Faces, who firſt demanded Mr. *Eborall*'s Money, and upon his ſaying he had but 4*s.* 6*d.* one of the Rogues cry'd out, *D——n him, ſhoot him, for I know he has more Money about him*; upon which one of them ſtruck him with a Piſtol, and the other tore his Breeches Pockets to Pieces, and robb'd him of about 15*l.* and his Watch: They likewiſe robb'd the Boy of above 150*l.* which he had brought from *Northampton-Fair*; after which they made them light from their Horſes, which they turn'd looſe, and then rode full Speed towards *Highgate*, and were follow'd by three or four more, whom Mr. *Eborall* perceiv'd to ſtand at ſome Diſtance whilſt the Robberies were committed.

Thomas Owen, Eſq; ſecond Son to Sir *Arthur Owen*, of *Orielton* in the County of *Pembroke*, Bart. is choſen Member of Parliament for *Leſtwithiel*, in the room of *Philip Lloyd*, Eſq;

Death. On Thurſday laſt died Mr. *Latham*, formerly a very conſiderable Dealer in *Manchester* Stuffs, in *Cateaton-ſtreet*. His Wife died the 1ſt Inſtant; and he dying inteſtate, his Eſtate of about 10,000*l.* devolves to one *Orme*, a Journeyman Shoemaker, in Right of his Wife, a Relation of Mr. *Latham*'s.

MONDAY, *April* 28.

We have an Account from *Holland*, that on Thurſday Se'nnight laſt the Prince and Princeſs of *Orange*, with ſeveral Ladies of Diſtinction, dined with M. *Catwyk*, at his Country Seat about three Leagues from the *Hague*, where the Entertainment was very magnificent: In the Evening the Prince ſet out for *Guelderland*, and the Princeſs with the Ladies return'd to the *Hague*, from whence her Royal Highneſs ſate out on Monday laſt to make a Tour to *Leyden*, and view the Curioſities there.

We learn from *Conſtantinople*, that one of the Secretaries to the Right Hon. the Earl of *Kinnoul*, his Majeſty's Ambaſſador to the Grand Seignior, having been diſmiſs'd his Lordſhip's Service, was retir'd to the *Dutch* Ambaſſador's, and that ſome little Uneaſineſs had aroſe between their Excellencies on that Occaſion.

On Thurſday and Friday laſt Mr. *Fowler*, an eminent Attorney at *Iſlington*, accompanied by a Reverend Clergyman, went to the two Compters, and diſcharg'd thirty unfortunate Debtors, by ſome private Charity from an unknown Hand, compounding their Debts, paying their Fees, and giving Money alſo to ſeveral Objects whom they diſcharg'd.

We have an Account from *Sutton* in *Northamptonſhire*, of two Children being found laſt Week in a Ditch near that Place; one ſeeming to have lain there for nine or ten Months, and the other freſh buried: They are ſuppoſed to have been the Baſtard Children of a Woman in that Neighbourhood, who has ſince abſconded.

On Tueſday laſt in the high Wind, as a Boat belonging to the *Sterling-Caſtle* Man of War was preſſing Men out of the homeward-bound Ships off *Dover*, ſhe was overſet by a ſudden Squall of Wind, and ſome of the Sailors were drowned, and others ſwam aſhore.

The *Vine*, Capt. *Serjeant*, bound from *London* to *Seville*, was lately loſt near St. *Lucar*, and all the Crew drowned.

Newmarket, April 26. The Match on Thurſday laſt between the Duke of *Devon*'s Grey *Filly*, and the Duke of *Bridgwater*'s Bay *Filly*, two Miles for 100 Guineas, was the beſt we have had this Seaſon, the former winning by about half a Neck, hard run.

Yeſterday Lord *Portmore*'s Cheſnut Mare beat Lord *Lonſdale*'s Mare for 50 Guineas very eaſily. This ended the Meeting; but we have two very great Matches made againſt *October* Meeting.

Deaths. On Friday laſt died *Thomas Hesketh*, Eſq; a Gentleman of 2000*l. per Ann.* He was formerly Member of Parliament for *Preſton* in *Lancaſhire*.——Laſt Week died, at his Seat in *Yorkſhire*, *Edward Dalton*, Eſq; elder Brother to Sir *Charles Dalton*, Knt. Gentleman Uſher of the Black Rod.

Bankrupt. John Box, of the Pariſh of *Alborne*, in the County of *Suſſex*, Farmer and Malſter.

TUESDAY, *April* 29.

We hear his Majeſty has notify'd to the Foreign Miniſters, his Intention of ſetting out for *Hanover* on Tueſday the 20th of *May*; and this Morning Mynheer *Conittz*, Equerry to his Majeſty as Elector of *Hanover*, ſet out for that Place, in order to place the Relays of Horſes, and to give other neceſſary Orders for his Majeſty's Journey.

We hear from *Chriſt-Church* College, *Oxon*, that on Friday laſt ſix Students belonging to that College took Boat, in order to fiſh in the River *Charwel* near *Iſlip*, and that by ſome Accident the Boat over-ſet, whereby Mr. *Crochley*, M. A. was unfortunately drowned. He was a Gentleman of a remarkable fine Genius, and was univerſally eſteem'd for his Ingenuity, Good-Nature and Sobriety. When his Highneſs the Prince of *Orange* viſited that Univerſity, he was appointed to write ſome Verſes in Compliment to his Highneſs. He was Tutor to the Right Hon. the Lord *Romney*, and had juſt finiſh'd ſome Miſcellanies in Proſe and Verſe, which he intended to have dedicated to his Lordſhip.

On Saturday laſt Mr. *Taylor*, a Wine Merchant, who lives in the City, returning to Town, upon *Cambridge-Heath* a Dog flew at his Horſe, and frighted him ſo much, that he threw his Rider, who was taken up for dead; but a Surgeon happening to be very near, inſtantly let him Blood in the Jugular Vein, he being a very corpulent Man, which brought him to his Senſes. He was afterwards brought to Town in a Horſe Litter, and is in a fair Way of Recovery.

Laſt Saturday as Mr. *John Ryley* of the *Temple* was coming from *Windſor* to *London*, two Perſons very well dreſt were drinking a Glaſs of Wine at a Tavern Door, on Horſeback, who ask'd Mr. *Ryley* if he was for *London*, who ſaid he was, and ſhould be glad of their Company; but when they were about the Middle of *Hounſlow-Heath*, they changed their Diſcourſe, and commanded him to deliver his Money, or he was a dead Man, and robb'd him of about 3*l.* 7*s.* cut his Horſe's Girts and Bridle, and then turned him looſe, and made towards the *Powder-Mills*.

Ipſwich, April 26. Yeſterday Se'nnight the Cuſtom-houſe Officers, with ſome Dragoons, ſeiz'd a large Quantity of Tea in a little Houſe at *Seymour* near *Hadleigh*, and convey'd it to the *George-Inn* in *Hadleigh*, where they lodg'd it for that Night, in order to bring it the next Day to this Town: On which the Smugglers being reinforced by more of their Gang, were reſolv'd next Day to ſtop it on the Road, and accordingly arm'd themſelves, and purſu'd them a little out of *Hadleigh*, demanded the Goods, and on Refuſal a deſperate Engagement enſu'd, where one of the Dragoons was kill'd; the Ball went in at his Shoulder and lodg'd in his Body; others were wounded, and two of the Dragoons Horſes were kill'd, as likewiſe one of the Smugglers Horſes: At length the Smugglers overpower'd the Dragoons, and took away all the Goods. It was obſerv'd that ſeveral were on Foot behind the Hedges, and aſſiſted in the Battle; after which they ſtay'd ſo long as to flay their own Horſe to prevent their diſcovering the Rider. It is thought there were near 20 in Number, and not above four Dragoons, beſides the *Cuſtom-houſe* Officers.

Preferments. They write from *Dublin*, that at the Quarterly Aſſembly held at the *Tholſel*, Alderman *Richard Gratton* was elected Lord Mayor of that City for the Year enſuing; Mr. *Robert King*, Merchant, and Mr. *John Twigg*, Ironmonger, were alſo elected Sheriffs. ——*John Walker*, Eſq; one of the preſent Sheriffs, was elected Alderman of this City, in the room of Sir *William Fownes*, Bart.

Death. On Sunday laſt died Mr. *James Brown*, the City Bricklayer, reputed worth 16,000*l.*

WEDNESDAY, *April* 30.

Laſt Week one *Green*, a Sailor, belonging to his Majeſty's Ship the *Princeſs Amelia*, attempting to ſwim aſhore, after he had robbed one of his Ship-Mates, was unhappily drowned at *Plymouth*.

Mr. *Samuel Parker*, a Farmer in *Kent*, had the Misfortune to fall from his Horſe Yeſterday, coming over *London-Bridge*, broke one of his Legs, and expired at Five in the Afternoon.

They tell us from *Hanover*, of the 29th, that the Palace of *Mount Brilliant*, is fitting up there, as ſuppoſed, for the Prince of *Orange*, who, 'tis ſaid, will come to viſit his *Britannick* Majeſty there this Summer.

Yeſterday was ſeiz'd at the *Cuſtom-houſe*, by Mr. *Addiſon* and Mr. *Trobridge*, Land-waiters, a large Quantity of *India* Handkerchiefs, conceal'd in three Kegs of Sturgeon. The Diſcovery was made by knocking out the Bungs to taſte the Pickle, when a little Cask was diſcover'd within each Keg, in which were found above 200 *India* Silk Handkerchiefs; and they had receiv'd no Manner of Damage by the Pickle.

We hear that it is now paſt Doubt, that the Perſon in *Winchester* Gaol is the notorious Villain *Gregory*, he having in a Manner confeſs'd it. He is to be brought up to *Newgate* in two or three Days, and it is hoped, will ſoon receive the Reward of his Rogueries.

On Sunday Night laſt *Charles Bodens*, Eſq; Juſtice of the Peace for *Weſtminſter*, and Enſign in the Coldſtream Regiment, coming from Lady *Lechmere*'s Houſe in *Albemarle-ſtreet*, not being able to get a Coach (and no Chairman to carry him) croſſing St. *Martin's-Lane* into *New-ſtreet*, was attack'd by drunken Fellows, or Thieves (he does not know which) for he loſt his Hat and Handkerchief, and was baſtinado'd over his Head and Shoulders, by ten Men, in ſo violent a Manner, that he was not able to ſtir out the next Day.

Marriage. Yeſterday Sir *Henry Lydell*, Bart. Member of Parliament for *Morpeth*, was married to Miſs *Delme*, Daughter to the late Sir *Peter Delme*, a rich *Turky* Merchant of this City, and Siſter to *Peter Delme*, Eſq; Repreſentative in Parliament for the Borough of *Ludgerſhall* in *Wilts*.

THURSDAY, *May* 1.

Elton Lewis, who lately murder'd Mrs. *Robinſon* in *Cold-Bath-Fields*, was born in the Pariſh of St. *Martin's in the Fields*; his Father was a Tallow-Chandler, and he, *Lewis* the Criminal, was brought up in *Chriſt's-Hoſpital*, where he receiv'd his Education in the Royal Mathematical-School; when he was of an Age and Knowledge fit to go to Sea, he was bound Apprentice to a Commander of a Ship, and ſerved out his Time; and the laſt Voyage he made, the Captain dying, he brought home the *Fox-hunter* from *Lisbon*. He had always the Character of a ſober modeſt Man, not apparently addicted to any Vice, and in particular, no Way given to Swearing. When before Juſtice *Robe*, being ſearch'd, a Parcel of ſmall Twine was found in his Coat Pockets,

ſome of which was mark'd with Spots of Blood, and ſome Human Hair entangled in it, which Hair was a gray, and anſwer'd exactly to the Hair of the Deceaſed, and ſome other Circumſtances appearing againſt him, and the Juſtice preſſing him to a Confeſſion in a very moving Manner, touch'd the Heart of the Priſoner, who fetching a deep Sigh, ſaid, *I am the Man who murder'd her, 'tis true: I am now eaſy; and I will frankly declare in what Manner I did it.*

On Monday Night laſt, knowing ſhe would return in the Evening, I waited in the Paſſage leading from the Street-Door to her own Apartment, the Houſe being then free from all Perſons but myſelf: About Ten o'Clock Mrs. *Robinſon* came home, and as ſhe entred the Street-Door I ſtruck her with an Hatchet on the Skull; the Blow was not ſo fatal but ſhe ſcream'd out, upon which, I took ſome ſmall Cords out of my Pocket, twiſted them about her Neck, and ſtopp'd her Breath; then repeating my Blows many Times, and perceiving I had effectually done her Buſineſs, put her under the Bed, and wiped up the Blood with one of her old quilted Petticoats, which ſhe had given a little Girl of ten Years of Age now here in Cuſtody. She lay concealed that Night unknown to my Wife, or to any one elſe till the next Morning, when my Wife perceiving the Blood, and an Alteration in my Looks, asked the Meaning of both. I anſwer'd, that I had kill'd my Couſin; upon which ſhe fell into Tears, wrung her Hands, and cry'd, *Lord Jeſus, What have you done! What have you done!* ——At Night, about the Hour of Ten, or near Eleven, I carried the Corpſe on my Back, and threw her into the Ditch.

There were found in her Room after her Death, 73 Ounces of Plate, ſeveral Suits of very good Cloaths, a Velvet Hood and Manteel, and many other Things of Value; alſo ſeveral Writings relating to her Eſtate, as Leaſes of Houſes, *&c.* They likewiſe found her Will, wherein ſhe has left all her Eſtate, Real and Perſonal, after two ſmall Legacies are paid to her Executors for their Trouble, and her Funeral Charges defray'd, to another Nephew and his Children, who is a very poor Man at *Stepney*, and known by the Name of *Will the Bird-Catcher*. She had three Houſes at *Stepney* to the Value of 50*l. per Annum*, and the Houſe wherein ſhe was murder'd was her own; ſo that with what Money ſhe had at Intereſt, 'tis thought ſhe died worth near 2000*l.*

It being the firſt Seſſion of a new Parliament, and ſuch a vaſt Number of Commiſſioners Names for the ſeveral Counties, *&c.* to be inſerted in the Land-Tax Bill, it's remarkable that the ſaid Bill contains 390 Skins of Parchment.

'Tis thought that there will no Reſtraint be laid this Year on the Number of Play-houſes, or any Regulation of the Actors.

The Party in *Holland* againſt the Neutrality is ſaid to be very numerous already, and daily encreaſing. His Highneſs the Prince of *Orange* din'd a ſhort Time ago at one of the publick Entertainments at the *Hague*, and taking a Bumper of Wine, toaſted to *a hearty War, or a laſting Peace*, and challeng'd the Grand Chancellor to pledge him, which the old Gentleman did very readily; but it would not go down with ſome of the others.

On Monday laſt three Highwaymen were taken up, one in *Kirby-ſtreet*, and the other two in *Gray's-Inn-Lane*. One of them is ſaid to be a young Butcher newly ſet up in *Honey-Lane* Market.——On Tueſday a Highwayman, who had committed ſeveral Robberies between St. *Alban's* and *London*, was taken in St. *John's-ſtreet*, and committed to *Newgate*.

Marriage. This Day Sir *Wolſtan Dixie*, of *Leiceſterſhire*, Bart. was married to Miſs *Anna Frere*, of *Great Ruſſel-ſtreet, Bloomsbury*, a young Lady of 20,000*l.* Fortune.

FRIDAY, *May* 2.

Yeſterday his Excellency the Baron *de Bork*, Envoy Extraordinary from the King of *Pruſſia*, preſented to his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales* a Picture of the Princeſs *Louiſa Ulderica*, fifth Daughter to the King of *Pruſſia*, in a Profile, moſt curiouſly painted: Her Royal Highneſs is Fifteen the 24th of *July*, and one of the moſt beautiful Ladies of the Age.

They write from *Paris*, that a certain *Engliſh* Gentleman, who ſome Time ago made a great Figure there, and thought proper to go off with a young Girl, upon a Proſecution being commenc'd againſt him for debauching her, was acquitted by the Parliament of the Accuſation, it appearing, that her Parents had fairly ſold the Girl to him: The Courts of Juſtice however thought proper to order, that being a Foreigner, he ſhould pay down 2000 Livres as a Proviſion for the Child he had by the young Woman, and 3000 more as a Fine to themſelves. The Gentleman is at preſent with his Miſtreſs in *Lorrain*; but ſhe is order'd to return immediately home to her Parents, under Pain of being condemn'd for Life to the Workhouſe.

Yeſterday *Thomas Parker* was committed by the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor to the *Fleet* Priſon, for acting as a Sollicitor in the Court of Chancery, not being admitted purſuant to the Act of Parliament. This is the ſame *Parker* who ſome Time ſince was a Priſoner in *Newgate*, and ſtood in the Pillory for Subornation of Witneſſes in the ſaid Court.

Laſt Night one Mr. *Gardner* of *Piccadilly* was robb'd on *Saffron-Hill* by three Street-Robbers, who took from him five Guineas, and beat him in a very violent Manner, ſo that he loſt three of his Teeth; after which they made off.

The ſame Night two Warrants were ſent from the Admiralty-Office, one for the Execution of *Thomas Woodſtock* on board his Majeſty's Ship the *Pembroke*, Capt. *Harvey*, at *Spithead*; and the other for the Execution of *Bolton Paterſon* on board his Majeſty's Ship the *Cornwall*, Capt. *Charles Vanbrugh*, at *Blackſtakes*, both for Deſertion; and they are both order'd for Execution on Wedneſday next: They were taken on board two Merchant-Ships outward-bound. There were three more condemn'd who have obtain'd his Majeſty's Reprieve.

Yeſterday Morning a Lady of Quality, accompanied with a Maid-Servant, went in a Hackney-Coach to different Gaols in this City, and diſcharged 12 Priſoners for Debts not exceeding 30*l.* each.

The ſame Morning was found hanging by a Rope, tied to a Bed-ſcrew fix'd in the Cieling of the Dining-Room of Mr. *Wilcox*, in *Peter-ſtreet, Weſtminſter*, a Woman, who had formerly been a Servant, but being in Years, and low Circumſtances, was drove into Deſpair, ſhe having appear'd in great Diſorder for ſome Time paſt.

On Tueſday laſt the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor drank to *William Nicholas*, Eſq; Citizen and Dyer of *London*, formerly a Merchant, but now a Gentleman of a conſiderable Eſtate, for Sheriff of *London* and *Middleſex* for the Year enſuing.

On Tueſday Orders were ſent from the Admiralty-Office to Sir *George Walton* on board his Majeſty's Ship the *Newark*, at the *Buoy in the Nore*, to proceed with the eight Ships of War under his Command, *viz.* four of 80 Guns, three of 60, and one of 50, directly to the *Downs:* This Squadron is victuall'd for ſix Months, and 'tis believ'd will be order'd for Foreign Service.

Preferments. On Wedneſday Mr. *Clackamſton*, Attorney at Law, was choſen Veſtry Clerk to St. *George's*, *Southwark*.——The ſame Day Mr. *Beet* was choſen Under Beadle to the Vintners Company.

Marriages. Yeſterday *Joſeph Nicholſon*, Eſq; was married to Miſs *Elliſon*, a Niece of the late Biſhop of *Carliſle*, a young Lady of 20,000*l.* Fortune.——The ſame Day Mr. *Arnold Roſenhagen*, Steward to her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Kendal*, was married to Miſs *Headon*, a young Gentlewoman of a good Fortune.

Deaths. Laſt Night died at *Whitehall* Miſs *Pelham*, Daughter of *Henry Pelham*, Eſq; Pay-Maſter-General of his Majeſty's Forces.——*Simon Sibwright*, Eſq; died at *Briſtol* the 27th of laſt Month. His Eſtate of 800*l. per Ann.* devolves to his Son *Peter*, now a Merchant in *Amſterdam*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Paris, May 7. N. S.

THE laſt Letters from *Madrid* of the 23d of *April* ſay, that tho' his *Catholick* Majeſty had nam'd *Don Luke de Spinoſa*, General and Commander in Chief of all his Forces marching to the Frontiers of *Portugal*, and that his Majeſty had alſo appointed the General Officers to command under *Don Luke*, it was ſtill hoped there that, by the joint Endeavours of the Princeſſes of *Aſturias* and *Brazil*, and the Mediation of ſome certain Powers offer'd to the two Kings, the Affair would be amicably made up: But nevertheleſs this is no more than Conjecture.

The *Portugueſe* Miniſter in *Holland* has bought up ſo much Powder there, that it is riſen from 20 to 30 Florins a Quintal.

We hear from *Corſica* by the Way of *Leghorn*, that there has lately been a Skirmiſh between the Malecontents and the *Genoeſe*, to the Advantage of the latter.

Paris, May 7. We are at preſent in ſuch Confuſion at this Capital, and over all the Kingdom, that ſome Precautions are taking by the Miniſters of State to prevent a Civil War: Gentlemen and Eccleſiaſticks are ſent to the Baſtile by Dozens: The Parliament are ſo much divided, that the Members (as we imagine) do nothing but invent ſome Excuſes or Pretenſions to abſent themſelves from Court. The Country People from different Provinces are ſo numerous in this City, that the Judge of Policy did endeavour Yeſterday to clear the City of them, but to no Purpoſe, becauſe they can find no Bread nor Money in the Country; in ſhort I muſt ſay, that if the War continues long in this Country, it will be one of the moſt miſerable in the World.

They write from *Rome*, that Cardinal *Spinola* is dead there, by whoſe Death they have now a fourth Vacancy in the Sacred College.

Letters from *Turin* of the 27th of *April* ſay, that the Duke *D'Aoſt*, ſecond Son to the King of *Sardinia*, and about four Years old, died there two Days before.

By the *Holland* Mail, we have received a Liſt of the Troops of the three Allies in *Lombardy*, which contains the Number of 109,080; but the Liſt is not exact, the *French* having no more in Number than 40,060, the *Piedmonteſe* 23,708, and the *Spaniards* 24,800, in all 88,568. This is the true and exact Number of effective Men.

Berlin, April 30. The King has order'd an additional Company of Grenadiers, conſiſting of 80 Men to each Battalion, which will make an Augmentation of 200 Grenadiers.

Letters from *Warsaw* mention the Total Overthrow of the *Staniſlaiſts* by the *Ruſſians*, and that the Court reckons there are no *Poliſh* Corps of any Conſideration left in the whole Kingdom, only a few ſmall Parties of 100 or 200 Men; that M. *Zagwoyski*, who commanded one of the *Poliſh* Parties, was, after a brave Defence, as to his Perſon, but not ſupported, kill'd; which ſo diſheartned his Troops, that they all ſubmitted to King *Auguſtus*, as have moſt of the Troops in the Kingdom.

Berlin, April 30. N. S. All the Letters from *Poland* confirm the late Advices received here, of the Submiſſion of the Caſtellan of *Czersk*, and of other Advantages obtain'd by the *Ruſſians* over the *Poliſh* Parties. We hear from *Koningsberg*, that Count *Tarlo*, the Palatine of *Lublin*, is arrived there, and had himſelf brought the News of the Diſperſion of the Body of Troops under him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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III. Political Subjects, viz. Craftſman's Project concerning Medals; preſent State of Holland, and of the Stadtholderſhip; inconſiſtent Behaviour of a free People; of the Liberty of the Preſs, and opening Letters at the Poſt Office; true Whiggiſm; Principles of a conſiſtent Proteſtant; Luxury the Ruin of States; Renegado Patriots; a Character in the Courant; Number of Priſoners for Debt, and the Expence to the Nation; Treaty Learning; Liberty; Queries relating to Foreign Affairs; Offices and Employments; a dying Speech for Cardinal Coſcia, &c.

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Poetry: Verſes by a young Gentleman in his laſt Sickneſs; to Dr. Bowden; on the Author of the Furniture of a Woman's Mind; to the Author of Univerſal Beauty; the Divine Immenſity, an Ode; on Phyſick, the Bark, &c. the Apple; the Threſher; the Bowling-Green; the Bow-ſtring; on an old Batchelor talling in Love; a Covent-Garden Eclogue; Epiſtle from Mr. Dennis's Ghoſt, &c. &c.

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VII. Prices of Goods, Grain, Stocks; Monthly Bill of Mortality.

VIII. Foreign Affairs.

IX. A Table of Contents.

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